

has filled his gallon measure, he carries it to the strainer, where the oysters are strained and measured. They are then emptied into large casks kept full of fresh water, by means of which any loose shell or grit is washed out. From these casks the oysters are dipped into a second strainer and when separated from the water are again measured and packed in twenty-five gallon packing barrels painted inside with a paint prepared especially for this purpose. In these they are shipped to Baltimore and Northern markets. The shells are sold for from one to three cents a bushel and are used extensively by oyster planters for the propagation of oysters. They are placed in small piles on grounds found suitable for the purpose, where the spat or small oyster will attach itself to the shells. They are also used for making shell lime and for building the excellent shell roads found in some parts of the Virginia peninsula.

Hampton's Founder and His Ideals

JOHN H. DENISON

An address delivered January twenty-fifth, nineteen hundred and three, in Hampton Institute Memorial Church, by Rev. John N. Denison, D.D., a classmate of General Armstrong at Williams College.

I first met Armstrong in 1860 when he joined our class of '62 at Williams College. He was one of those missionary fellows from the Sandwich Islands. That word missionary seems to require an up-to-date interpretation. There are capitalists who combine to sell American machinery, guns, pork or furniture among backward tribes in Asia, Africa and Oceanica. They are applauded by our people, they are encouraged by our government, and ought to be. It is an honest human industry and promotes the advancement of mankind, for humanity is developed through reciprocity, through every man putting the best thing he has on the market. It might be argued that mankind is better off not to be advanced, but that is an academic question. Advancement has come to stay. God Almighty and the law of evolution are behind it. If we resist it, we only hurt ourselves. The man who sells American goods to Honolulu people or Senegambia people or Madagascar people for a fair price, helps the advancement and fulfils God's great law of reciprocity, not only by bringing mankind together in honest industry, but by contributing his best to the general good. There is another class of capitalists who combine to carry better ideas of God and better standards of life to backward populations. There is no money in the business, but they don't mind that, for their object is simply to help people. It may be argued that these people do not want to be helped, that their ideas about God are just as good for them as our New England ideas are for us, but these are academic considerations. We know now that the world is advanc-

quickly. On one occasion when the wind was light, the writer noticed that a schooner which had started from the wharf in Hampton before the steam dredge left, had not reached an oyster bed nearer home than the one being worked by the steamer, when the latter had headed for the harbor with her load—the result of five hours' work. The largest steam dredge in Hampton Roads is owned by Mr. Frank W. Darling of Hampton, and is eighty feet in length and of fifty-six tons' burden. It has a crew of twelve men including the captain and engineer, and is able to carry a load of thirteen hundred bushels of oysters. A trip to Hampton Bar on this boat is full of interest. The start is made before dawn, breakfast as well as dinner being served on board. Crabs are often caught in the dredges, and these with the oysters make acceptable additions to the excellent bill of fare offered the visitor. The steamer moves slowly over the bed that is being worked, lowering the dredges first on one side and then on the other and bringing them up to the deck full of oysters, which are dumped out and shoveled into piles "forrard" and amidships. The dredge itself is an iron framework from four to six feet wide on the tooth-bar, having sides converging to a point at the end, where a rope or chain is attached by which it is drawn over the bottom by the vessel. Strong, wedge-shaped iron teeth attached to the tooth-bar and projecting downward two inches, drag the oysters from the bed into a bag of rope and chain which stretches out behind, being fastened at the bottom to the tooth-bar and at the top and sides to the framework of the dredge. (See the cut on page 158.) As the visitor sits idly on deck watching the men who are shoveling the oysters onto the steadily growing piles, large flocks of ducks of many varieties circle and cry about the boat, diving, swimming and flying in close range; schooners loaded with Virginia pine and turpentine or with coal from the Virginia coal fields and bound for Northern cities are continually passing; oyster canoes and sloops are at work here and there; and, afar off, passenger steamers ply to and fro past the quarantine boat and a ship of the white squadron lying at anchor off Old Point.

By one o'clock about one thousand bushels of oysters are stowed on board and the dredge heads for home. Arrived at the packer's wharf, the oysters are shoveled into wheelbarrows and carried into the shucking room of the packing house. Here are long rows of "shuckers"—Negro men who sing at their work as they stand before the stalls where they dump their oysters and open them with strong oyster knives. Good shuckers can open from twelve to twenty gallons a day. They are paid nineteen cents a gallon and earn from eight to fifteen dollars per week. The largest packer in Hampton, Mr. Darling, opens from 100,000 to 200,000 bushels of oysters in a year. In this house, as the men open the oysters, they drop the shells on an inclined plane from which they slide into a trough and are carried along by scrapers attached to an endless chain called a "shell conveyor," which takes them without further labor to the shell pile in the yard. When a shucker

ing through God's great law of reciprocity. To introduce our best ideas into China or India is just as honest and essential to human evolution as to introduce American machinery or pork; it is just as necessary that we should be aggressive about circulating our best ideas as about circulating our tobacco. The main point is to be honest and unselfish about it, to aim at service more than making money, and be contented with fair returns.

Armstrong's father was an educated man with a strong original mind who entered into the business of introducing Christian ideas about God, and New England standards of living into the Hawaiian Islands. As a result, young Armstrong inherited a great fortune in the shape of an inextinguishable tendency to help other people, while he got little or nothing in return. The more I recall his life, the more it seems to me that his impulse to save, help or deliver somebody was the electricity that drove all his engines, yet it was comparatively undeveloped when I first met him and might have been extinguished if he had had the wrong surroundings. The first noticeable thing about him was his superabundant physical energy. He was what they call in Tennessee "plum survigrous." He carried an air of insolent health, his nervous energy was volcanic, he was a cyclone under a felt hat. When he fenced with you, he seemed not only to cover the ground on every side but to occupy the air also, like the picture of Apollyon in "Pilgrim's Progress," and lucky you were if you did not get a broken foil driven into you by one of his furious lunges. He stood about five feet ten, erect, muscular, broad-shouldered, with large, well-poised head, face thoughtful but rather combative and deeply bronzed by the South Seas. His forehead was high and wide with a heavy mane of waving brown hair; nose rather long with a very slight upward turn; eyes brown, deep set and like a thunder cloud, full of lightning; chin prominent, square and bony. His forehead and eyes rightly interpreted him—a combination of fire and ice, of hot passion and cold intellect. In fact, all kinds of opposites united in him; he was philosophic yet combative, earnest yet always trifling, serious yet ridiculous, of the earth earthy, yet of the spirit heavenly directed, restless, yet with strange depths of rest in his soul. He was an islander, his constitution smacked of the salt seas. There was about him the high courage and the jollity of the tar. What I most envied in him was his schooling. His father had been Minister of Public Instruction in Hawaii, the son had accompanied him on his official tours. He could manage a boat in a storm, edit a newspaper, help carry on a government, work up a piece of diplomacy, master Greek literature, conduct an advanced class in mathematics, and make no end of fun for children; in fact, to children he was a joy forever. He told them astonishing stories, and wrote them illustrated letters full of delightful nonsense. High-minded, genial, Shakesperian in the breadth of his human sympathies, full of all kinds of vitalities, bound to test human life to the utmost, he was under tremendous terrestrial headway. "Where will he land?" was

the question. "Pirate or missionary," was what he jokingly said of himself. His love of human experience sometimes led him into queer quarters for a church member, but if he touched pitch, he got rid of it speedily. This was due, I think, to the old missionary impulse toward helping others which appeared to be always roused by the spectacle of human want or degeneracy. There was another reason, I think. All men, you know, have habits. Armstrong had one singular habit; he must have begun cultivating it early. He always turned to the best in every situation. Now, to have a habit of turning to the best under all circumstances is to grow continually in the power of doing the best though that best may be to other eyes invisible, and it must naturally result in making the best of everything. It is a habit closely akin to faith. In fact, I am inclined to think that is just what faith is when you get to the bottom of it, and that when this same kind of faith is turned toward Christ, it gives to a man something like omnipotence; at all events it imparted to Armstrong an unconquerable optimism and it grew with his growth. It stood him in good stead, for he was not very religious. The majority of his impulses often seemed to vote the other way. He was not naturally interested in meditation, but profoundly taken up with things about him. In fact, he ran a great risk of losing his spiritual tendencies, not through wickedness but through atrophy, as Mr. Darwin puts it, so absorbed was he with physical and intellectual life, so overflowing with vitality, so full-blooded, so fond of jollity, so perceptive of the ridiculous, so critical of Christians, so thirsty after fame, so deficient in reverence. As I look back, it seems wonderful to me that he was not, like Mr. Darwin, wholly taken up with some scientific, political or business occupation. Had this atrophy taken place, as it often does in young men at that formative period, there would have been no Hampton Normal Institute, no Tuskegee School and no Booker Washington. God creates, helps and upbuilds everything through the forces that reside in its environment. That, as Christians understand it to-day, is the law of evolution.

I have always believed that God led Armstrong to Williams College, because there were forces residing in its environment which would develop his noblest traits into dominance. To be sure, it was small and provincial, few of its professors had studied abroad, its theology was rather old-fashioned, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table had sneered at what he called the "fresh-water colleges;" but it is the breadth of principle and the nobility of standard that turn a place into classic ground. The Lacedemonians at Marathon were provincial fellows, but they stood for liberty. Socrates was a home-bred lad, had antiquated notions, sacrificed a cock to Esculapius; his arguments are not worth much to-day for arguments, but he stood for straight thinking and for the reality of the soul in a world of shams. Williams College stood for Christ and the world's salvation. That purpose penetrated it. Like Socrates, it magnified the soul of man. Like him also, it stood for straight thinking. True, its religion was somewhat

dogmatic, so was Herr Krupp's method of building guns—both were open to light. Its theology was like Galileo's little telescope, a great improvement for the times and mightily directed to the observing of the heavens. As a man watched through it, there fell upon him the shadow of God. Much effort was made to convert students. Many to-day sneer at that thing, but, to lead a man toward the highest, to put the first things first by a strenuous act of choice, to rouse the powers of one's soul and take one's stand before God—what is conversion but just that? Phillips Brooks has a great sermon on standing before God; it is lit up by genius. "The poet," he says, "stands before nature; the philosopher stands before the abstract truth; the philanthropist before humanity; the politician before that vague but awful embodiment of average character, the people; the scientist before science; the fop in miserable servility before fashion. Every soul that counts itself capable of judgment and responsibility stands in some presence by which the nature of its judgment is decreed; the higher the presence, the loftier and greater, though often the more oppressed and anxious, is the life. A weak man, who wants to shirk the seriousness and anxiety of life, goes down into some lower chamber and stands before some baser judge whose standard will be least exacting. A strong man presses up from judgment room to judgment room and is not satisfied with meeting any standard so long as there is a higher which he has not faced. Greater than anything else in education, vastly greater than any question about how many facts and sciences a teacher may have taught his pupil, there must always be this other question: Before what standard has he made his pupils stand? for in the answer to that question are involved all the deepest issues of the pupil's life and character." So much for Bishop Brooks. Now, is it not clear that back of all the crude and varied phenomena called conversion, there is ever this one great fact: man trying, with the help of God's spirit, to lead his fellow man, out of all the lower presences where men have made themselves contented, out of all the chambers where the little easy judges or the depraved and wicked judges sit, with their compromising codes of conduct, to the one great presence and standard of God in Jesus Christ, so that man shall stand before God as a little child before his father? Surely no educational scheme can be complete if it omits this most radical and formative element of culture. Surely, with such an education, the help which a man can give to his fellow man, is something more than temporary. It goes to the deepest foundations of manhood and is rightly named salvation. Surely the lack of this, in an educational establishment, must result in a moral barrenness which would react on every form of intellectual attainment. The religion at Williams College was evangelical and emotional, but more downright, hard-headed righteousness came out of it than out of any square mile of ethics I ever saw. Those people make a mistake who emasculate religion by taking the emotion out of it. Feeling is the nerve and evidence of life. The higher the life

the greater its tragedies and the more vibrant its notes of joy. What we want is not to get rid of feeling, but to unite clear knowledge and will power with it. The kind of engine to do right is a man alive to the right. Dr. Hopkins, our president, was a man of that type. A great philosopher, a skilled dialectician, an illuminating preacher, a devoted Christian, he had, above all, a genius for teaching. His method resembled that of Socrates. The system he taught was brought up before the class, point by point, to be discussed as a live issue. Each student was drawn into the discussion, compelled to take a hand, think on his legs, ventilate his idea, stand up for it, follow it to the bitter end and face its logical consequences. Yet the method would have failed, as all methods fail, but for the man who poured life into it and who led back of all theories to the eternal realities themselves, making us original observers of God and his universe. Now I have dwelt on this, not to glorify Dr. Hopkins or Williams College, but to show the forces resident in Armstrong's environment at that time. He often referred to them in after conversation. They were to him an ideal of education. There is no doubt that through Williams College Armstrong was led to stand before God and God's universe more clearly, and that his noblest traits, though hard pushed by the world, were here fortified and equipped for victory.

Our college days ended with the opening struggles of the Civil War. Armstrong set about organizing a company. "I thought I had seen energy before," said one of his enlisted men, "but I never did till I saw him." Given command of a colored regiment, he studied the character of the men under him with his usual accuracy. A friend who visited him at that time remonstrated with him because, while he protected his troops, he pitched his own tent under fire. He replied that the morale of the colored troops required it, that they would do anything for a man who showed himself superior to fear. The war ended, we all asked, "What will Armstrong do?" He had won glory, he was ambitious; as to energy, he was a young earthquake. Great business prospects opened before him. It was the hour when our expansion began, when our multi-millionaires were laying the foundations of their fortunes, but after a talk with General Howard, Armstrong turned his back on fortune and became the superintendent of the Freedman's Bureau for Hampton. It was a deliberate crucifixion of self, yet outwardly he was the same fellow still. I came down here soon afterward on business for the American Missionary Association. I was lying ill on my bed when the door was flung open and in came Armstrong, his head up in the air, military cap on one side, a rattan cane flourishing in his hand and four other young fellows following him while they all thundered out the chorus of the old song—"Hinkey dinkey, darby ram—hinky, dinky da." But this rollicking young officer was in reality the most serious man there was around. His Christianity was not a set of forms, but a dominating principle. He was even then about to make everything earthly or satanic clear the track for a great design

of his, which seemed to other people impossible. He had been studying the problem of reconstruction; there it lay in a nutshell before his own barracks—10,000 Negroes freed by one stroke of "Massa Lincoln's" pen, living in wretched little huts, huddled together on this great plantation, expecting Uncle Sam would permit them to hold the land they had thus temporarily confiscated. Bondsmen still of inertia and ignorance, suddenly taken out of their industrial and political sphere, how were they to be organically adjusted to the nation? We have had time since to see how clumsy was the device of universal suffrage. Would God we might see how inferior and secondary a device legislation always is for the uplifting of personality. "True," Armstrong said to me, "Negro suffrage had one merit; like the Calvinistic doctrine of a literal hell of fire and brimstone, it waked everyone up to the necessity of educating the Negro." His idea was suggestive. The ignorant man, deprived of his vote, is like hell deprived of its fire and brimstone, no less terribly real as a menace, and far more insidious because it does not take hold of the imagination. These people who try to cheat a law of nature live in a fool's paradise. History shows that we are all members one of another. Reciprocity is the law of our advancement, of evolution, and of God. The degradation of one part of a nation means a judgment day coming for the whole.

Armstrong's remedy was scientific and statesman-like. It was along the line of evolution; not the ordinary sprinkling with facts and ideas called education, not that other sprinkling with dogmas and emotions often called religion, not to make an easy berth where the Negro's mind might be nursed with the silver spoon of culture, but to build a religious and educational environment, filled with spiritual and intellectual life dominated by high standards, focussed on industry, dependent on effort. Here he would gather the most earnest spirits of the Negro race, bring them under the power of this environment for a while, and then send them forth to plant all over the South a new type of industrial manhood, for honest, intelligent industry is self-adjusting; and in doing this, he made a new contribution to religion and education. Religion and education are great things, but too often education deals only with the mind, and religion is occupied with the environment of a man's soul after death, while both are hopelessly deadened by detachment from real life. If Jesus Christ had only warned men of heaven and hell; if he had only preached in the synagogues the mystical laws that govern the human soul, he would not have greatly moved mankind; but when travelling himself the pathway of spiritual law, putting hell behind his back and opening the windows of heaven, he laid hold of God's right hand and helped struggling manhood on to its feet, the kingdom of God began. *There* was a missionary movement whose nerve could not be cut. Armstrong's mind was practical and scientific. He could not pierce the skies in an ecstasy of prayer to lay hold of God's right hand, but he could con-

struct the right kind of environment on earth. You know how he built that environment. It was great to watch him in its early stages, to see the genius with which he worked, to note the breadth, the originality, the clear sense of proportion, the varied adaptability, to mark how he drew all sorts and conditions of men into his scheme—the impractical abolitionist, the Confederate soldier, the evangelical Christian and the rationalistic thinker—not merely because he was a shrewd politician who saw the weak points in a rascally legislature or a pompous millionaire, not merely because he was a sparkling humorist who pricked the bubble of every foolish antagonism with a keen remark, but because he was so considerate and so overwhelmingly unselfish. He saw the good workable elements in every man's point of view; his aim was inclusive not exclusive, not to build up the liberal side or destroy the conservative, not to please the North or to injure the South, but to unite all sides in a working platform that should be broad enough for all. His unity was Nature's unity; like the human eye it focalized in a single organ the most diverse parts. You know with what incredible toil he labored at this work, how he slaved to raise money for it, on how small a pittance he lived for its sake, how, at last, even his enormous vitality sank beneath the burden and he laid down his life for the school.

You see to-day what he built,—not a mere school where knowledge is taught; not a mere church where doctrines are taught not a mere college where young men are decorated with culture, or turned into a magnificent football eleven, but a great environment of eager young men and women drawn together by one common necessity, inspired by the new gift of liberty, made strong by the battle of life, hungry after practical knowledge, full of a high purpose to redeem their race, led by highly educated teachers who love mankind more than facts or theories, who hold up the cross of Christ, not in doctrine merely, but in reality, not respecters of persons or of color, but of God and of God's manhood. And now, as we study thoughtfully this institution, we can see what a great environment is and what is the law of its development. What is it that makes these Hampton surroundings great? Why do they have such an effect on character? It is that they are full of the noblest inspiration. First, there is the fact that so many young men and women here stand on their own feet, under the necessity of working for a living. Necessity is a great primal inspiration, it unlocks the powers, it is the mother of invention, the builder of manhood; it teaches the hands to war and the fingers to fight and the mind to create; it opens the pores of the skin and the capacities of the brain; it starts the circulation of the soul. "Pins," wrote a small boy in his composition, "have saved a great many lives by not swallowing them." Hampton has saved a great deal of manhood by not coddling it. Then there is the fact that this is an industrial school. The dignity of labor, the glory of good workmanship shine out from these surroundings; they point the way, they are in-

fectious. Even luxurious and lazy people visiting this place run some risk of catching an inspiration, for a brief moment; they get a realistic light on things; they see that the dignity of a man in shirt sleeves may be as great as that of a man in epaulettes. Then, because this is an industrial school, the truths taught here are not far off and recondite, but such as you can act upon here and now. We call them living facts, because they meet the necessities of life; they inspire us because they make us act immediately, clearly and nobly. As a man's life enlarges, he needs new and broader truths to act upon, and these new and broader truths become living facts to him. But the inspiration of Hampton is this,—that the facts taught and seen here are just the facts to meet the living necessities of these young men and women *to-day*. Teach them our new psychology and they wouldn't know whether they had such a thing as a free will in them or whether they were only a stream of tendencies. Teach them carefully and clearly the life of Jesus Christ and something within them will start to life and begin to act freely and gloriously. There is a close affinity between life itself and the facts of life. Once bring them together and they interpret one another; and that leads me to the supreme inspiration of this place. It comes, like all great inspirations, through necessity. It lay on the soul of General Armstrong; he got it from the missionary home in Hawaii; but it dwelt first in the heart of Jesus Christ and then in the heart of his great apostle Paul. I mean the necessity of saving other people. That is the greatest necessity that can take possession of a human soul, not to struggle for one's own petty physical existence or ambition, but for the highest manhood of all, that men should stand on their feet free and clear before God. It is this great necessity that rests on you here to-day; it broods over this place as it once did over General Armstrong; it presses heavily on the shoulders of that noble and heroic man, your Principal; it weighs on the minds of your teachers; it is more or less of a burden on every pupil of the school, for it demands a certain discipline, moral effort and self-restraint. But the higher the necessity that rests upon any group of men, so much the higher and more inspiring is the life that binds them together and radiates through them. That wonderful inspiration which moves about this place, which makes it a great environment and uplifts these young people, could not exist here unless they all carried in some measure the burden and discipline of that life. Take away the burden and the life itself would flicker out and die. It is only as a college or school shoulders this supreme obligation, only as it struggles, like Armstrong, through work and discipline for the divine manhood that it can supply great surroundings. It may have fine teachers, it may be the home of the arts and sciences, but unless it bears the burden of this supreme obligation, it will be a failure as an environment; it will not be antiseptic enough to keep out degeneracy and a great many of its pupils will *become* degenerates.

There is another point. Do you realize that this is a very expen-

sive institution? No multi-millionaire could have built it. Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Carnegie all together could not have paid for it. I would not underrate the millionaires; to be a great captain of industry is a highly respectable calling before God, to add a thousand millions to the capital of one's country—if a man can do it with clean hands and no damage to his human brothers—is a praiseworthy thing, but there is a kind of captainship, there is a kind of wealth, that can only be gained by turning one's back on earthly riches and devoting all one's powers to God's work of delivering mankind. There can be no divided attention here, the whole soul must be absorbed. Not all men are fitted for this work, not to every man does God say, in a literal sense: Turn thy back on earthly riches and follow me in my creative work on human souls. Armstrong was such a man, he was born to that fortune; the genius of salvation was his missionary birthright. It is said that the mother of Achilles dipped her son in the River of Death, making him impervious to wounds and to fear; the missionary church from which Armstrong sprung had dipped his soul in the River of God, imparting to it an heroic fibre, a sense of true glory, a contempt for hoarding and selfish ambition. Find a new application for a law of nature and you unlock a force, you become an inventor, a discoverer. So Armstrong, absorbed with new and larger applications of the law of love, unlocked forces within himself and other people, discovered within the soul a larger realm. The powers that might have been taken up with shrewd schemes of personal advantage were now occupied with grander visions. He could say with Sir Galahad, "Me mightier transports move and thrill." Despite his unpretentiousness and humor, there was about him at times an unconscious majesty, and this majesty was the great endowment of the school. His own rich, lofty nature flooded the whole place with warmth and power and light, his touch was on everything, it was powerful, sympathetic, electric. It was a great sight to see him in the prime of his manhood sitting, clad in his school uniform with his short jacket, just like the boys, in his little dry-goods box of an office, an embodiment of business and dispatch. A great sight to see him in Virginia Hall on a Sunday evening, his sturdy form erect, his head thrown back, leading the school at the top of his voice in some old plantation song, or, with one hand in his pocket, talking to them about the hard facts they must face, with something of the kindness of a father, the directness of an army officer and the hard-headed sagacity of an old Virginia planter. It was a greater sight to see him teach Dr. Hopkins's "Outline Study of Man" to his Senior class of colored boys and girls. The task would have daunted most college professors, but Armstrong, like his beloved teacher, had a profound belief in the capacity of the humblest soul to receive the greatest truth, provided that truth was properly put. At it, therefore, he went, with all the enthusiasm of his nature, and declared it was the thing which of all things he most enjoyed. He always prepared the way for the coming lesson, reading it

over to the class, sentence by sentence, stopping at every difficult word, drawing out the mind of the class as to its meaning, conversing shrewdly with them about it, bringing out their peculiarities and so finding the personal hitch of each member. He understood the fact that because of some personal hitch a large percentage of each class fails to catch the educational movement.

But there was one thing that could not be seen by many—his ever deepening spiritual life. He lived in an age when it was hard to believe. Science had won its great victories in which we all rejoice, but it had also been lifted up as the antagonist of Christianity. We now know that there was nothing really antagonistic. It was not science but scientific speculation, not that awful abstract thing called reason but some gentlemen reasoning, who rashly seized the judgment seat of this world and enthroned the logical faculty above the moral consciousness, who summoned the church, the creeds, nay, God himself, to prove their claims by what they called scientific process or be put out of court as imposters discredited before mankind. That tribunal still holds its supremacy in the minds of multitudes and the time is coming when democracy also must stand before it, but I pity the gentlemen who sit in that judgment seat. The time approaches when they will stand, pallid and wild eyed, in the midst of a coming storm while men look to them in vain for help. It has been a long and terrible battle of faith in which multitudes have clung to their human Christ, but given up their Redeemer; in which they have clung to their God, but given up His moral government and His providence which make Him to be their God. Armstrong was alive to science and its speculations. He was mystified by the apparent conflict, but his habit of turning to the best had increased his moral vision; his unselfish life had purified it. He saw the Divine reality which fills the gospel of Christ; he was too clear eyed to think that he himself fulfilled the law of love, too much illumined by the real Christ not to perceive the divinity of the historic, too grandly conscientious not to know that he was a sinner and had need of a Redeemer. Besides, it was his daily habit to cultivate his spiritual intuition; he devoted a tenth part of his time to devotional reading, so just was he to the noblest department of his nature. His growth corresponded to his effort. In the middle of his career, he said to me once, "Work is the best prayer"; later in life he reversed the motto. "Prayer," he declared, "is the greatest power in the world. It keeps us near to God. My own prayer has been most weak, wavering, inconstant, but it has been the best work I have ever done." He did not stand with men like Drummond. He was no great thinker in the religious realm and had little sympathy for the reconstruction of theology. He took a soldier's view. "The shorter one's creed the better," he said. "Simply to Thy cross I cling is enough for me." But that creed, short and simple though it is in outward form, separates him by a mighty chasm from those moralists who need no redemption and those rationalists who see in Christ's death only the martyrdom of

a great teacher, and those reformers who expect to save the world by education. I saw him toward the last, when death had his clutches on him, yet his humor was the same. Partially paralyzed, he sat at his own table in the President's house yonder, and bowed his head to say grace, but suddenly burst out laughing. A ridiculous thing had flashed on him. "I couldn't shut but one eye!" he exclaimed. The droll aspect of things always flashed on him suddenly and irresistibly even though he himself were the object of mirth; and not even paralysis could destroy his high spirits. So, unchanged, undaunted, he carried a merry heart with him to the grave. He feared nothing, distrusted nothing, and the philosophic interest which he had always felt in his surroundings, continued unabated. "I am most curious," he wrote, "to get a glimpse of the next world. How will it all seem? Perfectly fair and perfectly natural, no doubt. We ought not to fear death, it is friendly." It was like him to say that, it was his ruling habit, strong at the last, to turn to the best in every environment. It had deepened into a calm, clear vision, a vision not psychic or ecstatic but moral and philosophic, and penetrating beyond the grave. It was the vision of one who follows the Master, who feels the spiritual world growing solid under his feet because, with Jesus to help, he is treading the path of spiritual law. What wonder that death seemed friendly, the next world real and natural. Not for his own existence but for God and for other people he had been struggling. "Simply to Thy cross I cling." He had said that to himself in the midst of toil, disappointment, failure of plans, unexpected difficulties, moments of weakness, revelations of coming paralysis. He had said it in those awful moments that come to every soul capable of facing the perfect ideal of righteousness. "Simply to Thy cross I cling." It was easy to say it now. He was leaving behind him a great fortune, unsullied by any man's tears, well invested for the benefit of mankind. He was a great captain, a new kind of captain of industry—God grant we may have many more—a captain of the Lord's host who organized men not to make money out of them, nor for them, but to lift up their manhood. Death was the sacrifice he was to make, the price he was to pay; that was what it cost in this country to deliver men by the educational process, begging the money for it as you went on. It was all in the day's work. Like his Master he had no regrets, he took the journey cheerily; he was going on business for God and he knew "the pilot at the bar."